This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

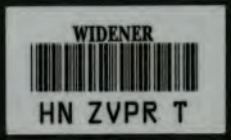
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


WIDENER
HN ZVPR T

11426.23

Harvard College Library

FROM THE ESTATE OF

WILLIAM WATSON GOODWIN

(Class of 1851)

ELIOT PROFESSOR OF GREEK LITERATURE
1860–1912

RECEIVED DECEMBER 24, 1914

E. A. Goodwin
FL

TENDER AND TRUE.

Poems of Love

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR OF "QUIET HOURS," "SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL," ETC.

BOSTON:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
1882.

11426.23

Harvard College Library
Dec. 24, 1914
From the Estate of
Prof. W. W. Goodwin

COPYRIGHT,
1881,
By GEORGE H. ELLIS.

31-267
49

Preface.

THIS little volume is intended to contain love-poems of a pure and elevated character, and those alone. Poems of jealousy, remorse, and hopeless longing and regret are omitted, and this rule excludes a very large number of well-known and sometimes very fine poems. I have not left out such as treat of the sorrow of absence and similar trials; but I have wished to make the book, as a whole, inspire cheerfulness and hope, and not sadness. It contains sonnets of Shakespeare and Mrs. Browning, songs of Lovelace and Burns, and poetry by Tennyson, Coventry Patmore, and many other less-known singers. Some specimens are given of the ingenious and melodious versification of the younger English poets, such as Payne and Munby.

It gives me pleasure to express my thanks to the authors who have kindly permitted me to make use of their poems for this purpose. I would especiall-

mention the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, for the liberal selections he has allowed me to make from "Exotics," a volume of translations from the French and German; and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, to whom I am indebted for several sonnets, etc., from "The New Day." I have also to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Messrs. Roberts Brothers, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, for giving me leave to take copyrighted poems.

M. W. T.

November, 1881.

Index of Authors.

PAGE

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
- Comfort . . . 116
- Mignonette . . . 129
- Wisteria . . . 158
- Rest . . . 165

ANGELO, MICHAEL (1474–1563).
- Yes! I hope may with my strong desire keep pace . 5
- If it be true that any beauteous thing 23
- The might of one fair face sublimes my love . . . 24

ANONYMOUS.
- Pure and True and Tender . . . 13
- Annie Laurie . . . 26
- O, I'm Wat, Wat . . . 67
- Summer Days . . . 95
- A Cycle . . . 99
- When I think on the happy Days . . . 101
- Minnelied. Winter Sunshine . . . 131
- I cannot help loving thee . . . 133
- Love took me softly by the hand . . . 134
- The Sailor's Wife . . . 156

ARNOLD, EDWIN.
- A ma Future . . . 12

BARTON, BERNARD (1784–1849).
- Not ours the Vows . . . 113

BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W., b. 1852.
Before the Daybreak 19
Light 136
BRONTE, CHARLOTTE (Mrs. NICHOLLS) (1816–1855).
Song, from "Jane Eyre" 54
BROWNING, Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT (1809–1861).
A Valediction 82
Sonnets from the Portuguese:
Go from me — Yet I feel that I shall stand . . 123
If thou must love me, let it be for nought . . . 123
Beloved, my beloved, when I think 124
Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead 124
Thou comest! all is said without a word . . . 125
If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange . . . 125
Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace 126
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . 127
BROWNING, ROBERT, b. 1812.
My Star 43
Love in a Life 51
Life in a Love 52
One Word More 168
BURNS, ROBERT (1759–1796).
The Bonnie Wee Thing 53
Mary Morison 60
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes 68
My ain kind dearie, O! 73
Bonnie Lesley 86
A red, red Rose 98
I love my Jean 128
Oh, wert thou in the cauld Blast 132
My wife's a winsome wee thing 155
The Blissful Day 166
John Anderson, My Jo 167

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON (Lord) (1788–1824).
She walks in Beauty like the Night 28
CAREW, THOMAS (1589–1639).
To Celia 3
CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.
Love 151
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN, b. 1810.
When shall we meet again 84
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819–1861).
From "The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich" 6
Song in Absence 90
COOPER, GILBERT.
Winifreda 141
CRASHAW, RICHARD (1615?–1652).
Wishes for the supposed Mistress 9
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784–1842).
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie 136
DOBSON, AUSTIN, b. 1840.
A Song of the Four Seasons 63
ELIOT, GEORGE (MARIAN EVANS CROSS), 1880.
Two Lovers 162
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, b. 1803.
Eros 155
GEIBEL, EMANUEL, b. 1815.
Lass Andre nur im Reigen 33
Vöglein, wohin so schnell 85
GILDER, RICHARD WATSON, b. 1844.
The Mirror 34
My Songs are all of thee 34
Sonnet (After the Italian) 54
Song 62
I will be Brave for thee 117
After-Song 17

GOOD WORDS.
The Evening Time 75
GRAHAM, ROBERT, OF GARTMORE (1750–1797).
If doughty Deeds my Lady please 102
HEINE, HEINRICH (1800–1856).
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne 44
Ueber die Berge 98
HERRICK, ROBERT (1591–1674?).
The Night-Piece. To Julia 18
H. H.
Love's Fulfilling 150
HOOD, THOMAS (1798–1845).
Ruth 72
JONSON, BEN (1574–1637).
Triumph of Charis 4
KEMBLE, Mrs. FRANCES ANNE, b. 1811.
Absence 87
KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819–1875).
Twin Stars aloft 138
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, b. 1807.
Endymion 153
From "The Hanging of the Crane 161
LOVELACE, RICHARD (1618–1658).
To Althea, from Prison 102
To Lucasta 106
To Lucasta. On going to the Wars 107
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, b. 1819.
Love 1
My Love 29
LYTTON, Sir EDWARD BULWER (1805–1873).
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies 42
MACDONALD, GEORGE.
O Lassie ayont the Hill 65

MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON (Lord HOUGHTON), b. 1809.
The Brook-Side 74
MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAME, Marquis of (1612–1650).
My dear and only Love 104
MUNBY, ARTHUR, b. 1837.
Doris: A Pastoral 70
PAILLERON, EDOUARD.
C' Etait en Avril, le Dimanche 94
PATMORE, COVENTRY, b. 1823.
From the Angel in the House:
The Lover 20
The Friends 39
To Heroism and Holiness 48
Then to my Room 49
She was all Mildness 50
Love in Tears 118
He safely Walks 119
Frost in Harvest 148
Love Ceremonious 149
PAYNE, JOHN.
Rondeau Redoublé 59
Villanelle 81
PETRARCH, FRANCESCO (1302–1374).
Doth any maiden seek 25
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE (1825–1864).
A Chain 111
For the Future 114
Because 121
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.
A Bird-Song 101
Sonnets:
I wish I could remember that first day 119

If I could trust mine own self with thy fate . . 120
If there be any one can take my place 121
RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH, b. 1789.
Warum willst du Andre fragen 31
Grüss' aus der Ferne 92
Wer Wenig sucht, der findet Viel 127
SCOTT, Lady JOHN, b. 1816
When thou art near me 89
SCOTT, Sir WALTER (1771–1832).
A Serenade 17
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564–1616).
Love alters not 2
Shall I compare thee 35
From "The Winter's Tale" 38
From "King John" 47
My glass shall not persuade me 62
When in disgrace with fortune 64
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . . 78
My love is strengthened 132
From "The Merchant of Venice" 139
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792–1822).
Lines to an Indian air 58
The Invitation 79
SIDNEY, Sir PHILIP (1554–1586).
A Ditty 63
SPECTATOR, LONDON.
Millais's "Huguenots" 107
SPENSER, EDMUND (1553–1599).
Sonnets:
More than most fair 36
The glorious portrait 36
Mark when she smiles 37

Men call you fair 37
Epithalamion 143
SYLVESTER, JOSHUA (1563–1618).
Love's Omnipresence 135
TAYLOR, JAMES BAYARD, 1825.
Bedouin Love-Song 57
TENNYSON, ALFRED, b. 1810.
From "Idyls of the King" 8
A Voice by the Cedar Tree 14
Ask me no more 32
In Love, if Love be Love 40
From "The Princess" 44
The Day-Dream, The Departure 77
Bugle Song 138
Move Eastward, happy Earth 140
From "The Miller's Daughter" 164
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811–1863).
At the Church Gate 15
WALLER, EDMUND (1605–1687).
On a Girdle 19
WILLIAMS, SARAH, d. 1868.
Only Faithful 41
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770–1850).
She was a Phantom of Delight 27
Let other Bards of Angels sing 40

Tender and True.

LOVE.

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fire-side thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,

And hath its will through blissful gentleness,—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes;
A Love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness;
A Love that shall be new and fresh each hour
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest *now*.

James Russell Lowell.

LOVE ALTERS NOT.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:—

O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare.

TO CELIA.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew.

TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And, enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light
All that Love's world compriseth;
Do but look on her hair! it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark! her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! Oh, so soft! Oh, so sweet, is she!

Ben Jonson.

SONNET.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

Michael Angelo.

Translated by William Wordsworth.

FROM "THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH."

IT feels to me strangely
Like to the high new bridge, they used to build at, below there,
Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't understand me,
But I keep saying in my mind, this long time slowly with trouble
I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully raising,
Just like as if the bridge were to do itself without masons —
Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on another —
All one side I mean; and now I see on the other
Just such another fabric uprising, better and stronger,
Close to me, coming to join me: and then I sometimes fancy,—
Sometimes I find myself dreaming at night about arches and bridges,—
Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand coming down and
Dropping the great key-stone in the middle: there in my dreaming,—

There I feel the great key-stone coming in, and through it
Feel the other part — all the other stones of the archway
Joined into mine with a strange, happy sense of completeness. But, dear me!
This is confusion and nonsense. I mix all the things I can think of,
And you won't understand, Mr. Philip.

* * * * * * * *

But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip!
We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key-stone of the centre;
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;
If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the archway,—
Damage all our own work that we wrought,— our painful up-building.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING."

BUT I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Alfred Tennyson.

WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth:

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:—

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan:

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest:

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow:

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further; it is She:

'Tis She, and here
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions, but her story.

Richard Crashaw

À MA FUTURE.

WHERE waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not,
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot —
I looked for thee ere now.

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother;
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams;
Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I —
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee:
We cannot live apart — must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
For time doth keep for us some happy years,
And God hath portioned us our smiles and tears;
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet;
And therefore let our searching be the stronger;
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room —
And so, dear wife, good-night!

Edwin Arnold.

PURE AND TRUE AND TENDER.

PURE and true and tender
My love must be:
Handsome, tall, and slender
My love *may* be;
But if the first be his
Who loveth me,
My heart will rest in bliss
And constancy.

With manly words and daring
My love must woo;
With polished tones and bearing
My love *may* woo:
But ever dear and sweet
The words will be
My lover's lips repeat
For only me.

H.

A VOICE BY THE CEDAR TREE.

A VOICE by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song, like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

Maud, with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,

Maud, in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

Alfred Tennyson.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Oft-times I hover:
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
  And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
  She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
  And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes — she's here — she's past·
  May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
  Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
  With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
  Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
  Angels within it.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

A SERENADE.

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

Sir Walter Scott.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee:
But on thy way,
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee!

Robert Herrick.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale that held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound;
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Edmund Waller.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

BEFORE the daybreak shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades;
Too fiercely bright is the full light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
That stills her song ere morning light:
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveller errs;
And rich the prize to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird,
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
And sing of love, when love's unheard.

Francis W. Bourdillon.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

THE LOVER.

WHEN ripen'd time and chasten'd will
Have stretch'd and tuned for love's accords
The five-string'd lyre of life, until
It vibrates with the wind of words;
And "Woman," "Lady," "She," and "Her"
Are names for perfect Good and Fair,
And unknown maidens, talk'd of, stir

His thoughts with reverential care;
He meets, by heavenly chance express,
His destined wife: some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
No songs of love, no summer dreams
Did e'er his longing fancy fire
With vision like to this: she seems
In all things better than desire.
His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.
For love of her he cannot sleep;
Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
For wonder, worship, and delight.

To her account does he transfer
His pride, a base and barren root
In him, but, grafted into her,
The bearer of Hesperian fruit.
He dresses, dances well: he knows
A small weight turns a heavy scale:
Who'd have her care for him, and shows
Himself no care, deserves to fail:
The least is well, yet nothing's light

In all the lover does; for he
Who pitches hope at such a height
Will do all things with dignity.
She is so perfect, true, and pure,
Her virtue all virtue so endears,
That, often, when he thinks of her,
Life's meanness fills his eyes with tears.
She's far too lovely to be wrong:
Black, if she pleases, shall be white:
Prerogative ties cavil's tongue:
Being a Queen her wrong is right:
Defect super-perfection is:
Her great perfections make him grieve,
Refusing him the bliss of bliss,
Which is to give, and not receive.
Her graces make him rich, and ask
No guerdon: this imperial style
Affronts him: he disdains to bask,
The pensioner of her priceless smile.
He prays for some hard thing to do,
Some work of fame and labor immense,
To stretch the languid bulk and thew
Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.

Coventry Patmore.

IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS THING.

IF it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal Fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,
Enamored through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,
As to its end, and honors in admiring;
For who adores the Maker needs must love his work.

Michael Angelo.

Translated by J. E. Taylor.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me, if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven;
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

Michael Angelo.

Translated by Hartley Coleridge.

"QUAL DONNA ATTENDE A GLORIOSA FAMA."

DOTH any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name!

How honor grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou may'st learn, and what the pathway be
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim;

There learn soft speech, beyond all poet's skill,
And softer silence, and those holy ways
Unutterable, untold by human heart.

But the infinite beauty that all eyes doth fill,
This none can copy! since its lovely rays
Are given by God's pure grace, and not by art.

Petrarch.

Translated by T. W. Higginson.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face, it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Anonymous.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn,
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,

A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

William Wordsworth.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.

MY LOVE.

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

James Russell Lowell.

WARUM WILLST DU ANDRE FRAGEN.

"LOVE DOTH TO HER EYES REPAIR."

WHY ask of others what they cannot say,—
Others, who for thy good have little care?
Come close, dear friend, and learn a better way;
Look in my eyes, and read my story there!

Trust not thine own proud wit; 'tis idle dreaming!
The common gossip of the street forbear;
Nor even trust my acts or surface-seeming:
Ask only of my eyes; my truth is there.

My lips refuse an answer to thy boldness;
Or with false, cruel words deny thy prayer,—
Believe them not, I hate them for their coldness!
Look in my eyes; my love is written there.

Friedrich Rückert.

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven, and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, O too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed:
I strove against the stream, and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

Alfred Tennyson.

LASS ANDRE NUR IM REIGEN.

TO THE SILENT ONE.

AH, leave to other maidens
Fair greeting, sweet replies;
Thou art my lovely Silence,
With thy clear, friendly eyes.

The eyes, so true, so tender,
They tell me, day by day,
More of thy deepest heart, love,
Than lips could ever say.

So wakes the earth to gladness
The blessed April sun;
Yet, year by year, in silence,
The perfect work is done.

Yet all sweet words and music
To thee, dear child, belong;
Be thou my lovely Silence,
And I will be thy Song.

Emanuel Geibel.

Translated by L. C.

THE MIRROR.

THAT I should love thee seemeth meet and wise,
So beautiful thou art that he were mad
Who in thy countenance no pleasure had;
Who felt not the still music of thine eyes
Fall on his forehead as the evening skies
The music of the stars feel, and are glad.
But o'er my mind one doubt still cast a shade
Till in my thoughts this answer did arise:
That thou should'st love me is not wise or meet,
For like thee, Love, I am not beautiful.
And yet I think that haply in my face
Thou findest a true beauty — this poor, dull,
Disfigured mirror dimly may repeat
A little part of thy most heavenly grace.

Richard Watson Gilder.

"MY SONGS ARE ALL OF THEE."

MY songs are all of thee, what though I sing
Of morning, when the stars are yet in sight,
Of evening, or the melancholy night,
Of birds that o'er the reddening waters wing;
Of song, of fire, of winds, or mists that cling
To mountain-tops, of winter all in white,

Of rivers that toward ocean take their flight,
Of summer, when the rose is blossoming.
I think no thought that is not thine, no breath
Of life I breathe beyond thy sanctity;
Thou art the voice that silence uttereth,
And of all sound thou art the sense. From thee
The music of my song, and what it saith
Is but the beat of thy heart, throbbed through me.

Richard Watson Gilder.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare

SONNETS.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above unto the Maker near:
No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire
That to the world nought else be counted dear!
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound;
But angels come, to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.
Dark is the world where your light shinèd never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

The glorious portrait of that Angel's face,
Made to amaze weak men's confusèd skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embase,—
What pen, what pencil, can express her fill?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learnèd hand at pleasure guide,
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glances that like arrows glide,
The charming smiles that rob sense from the heart,

The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride
Cannot expressèd be by any art.
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need
That can express the life of things indeed.

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to nought, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue,

That is true beauty: that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

Edmund Spenser.

FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE."

WHAT you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

William Shakespeare.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

THE FRIENDS.

EACH, rapturous, praised his lady's worth,
Frank eloquently thus: "Her face
Is the summ'd sweetness of the earth,
Her soul the glass of heaven's grace
To which she leads me by the hand;
Or briefly all the truth to say
To you, who briefly understand,
She is both heaven and the way.
She charms with manners pure and high,
The fruit of an ancestral tree,
And a devout life, order'd by
The rubric of civility;
Displeasures and resentments pass
Athwart her charitable eyes
More fleetingly than breath from glass,
Or truth from bad men's memories;
Her heart's so touched with others' woes
She has no need of chastisement;
Her lovely life's conditions close,
Like God's commandments, with content,
And make an aspect calm and gay,
Where sweet affections come and go,
Till all, who see her, smile, and say,
How fair and happy that she's so!"

Coventry Patmore.

LINES.

LET other bards of angels sing,—
  Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing;
  Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not though none should call thee fair;
  So, Mary, let it be,
If naught in loveliness compare
  With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
  Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
  And the lover is beloved.

William Wordsworth.

SONG.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
  Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

  It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling; answer, no.
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

Alfred Tennyson.

ONLY FAITHFUL.

ONLY that, dear, neither wise nor fair,
Just as commonplace as bread you eat,
Or as water flowing everywhere,
Or the homely grass beneath your feet.
Only faithful,—does the want alarm you?
Only faithful,—will the word not charm you?

Faithful, as I read it, means just this,—
That henceforth I through the world shall go
Holy, as an angel, by your kiss;
Happy, though no other bliss I know.
Only faithful,—have you not repented?
Only faithful,—is your heart contented?

Faithful, dear, to keep or let you go,
Faithful to give all and nothing take;
Think you I should rave in angry woe,
If by Time's fault you should me forsake?
Only be yourself, though mine no longer;
By your being I shall grow the stronger.

Sarah Williams.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep:
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

MY STAR.

ALL that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

Robert Brownin

DIE ROSE, DIE LILIE, DIE TAUBE, DIE SONNE.

LOVE'S RÉSUMÉ.

THE Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove,—
I loved them all, in my early love.
I love them no longer, but her alone,—
The Pure, the Tender, the Only, the One.
For she herself, my Queen of Love,
Is Rose, and Lily, and Sun, and Dove!

Heinrich Heine.

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

"BLAME not thyself too much," I said, "nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,

How shall men grow? But work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies,
We two will serve them both in aiding her,—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her,—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that harms not distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,—
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"
Sighing she spoke, "I fear
They will not."
"Dear, but let us type them now,
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke,
Life."
And again sighing she spoke: "A dream
That once was mine! What woman taught you this?"

"Alone," I said, "from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime:
Yet was there one through whom I loved her, one
Not learned save in gracious household ways,

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and, though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

Alfred Tennyson.

FROM "KING JOHN."

HE is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

William Shakespeare.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

TO heroism and holiness
How hard it is for man to soar,
But how much harder to be less
Than what his mistress loves him for!
He does with ease what do he must,
Or lose her, and there's nought debarr'd
From him who's call'd to meet her trust,
And credit her desired regard.
Ah, wasteful woman, she that may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine.

O Queen! awake to thy renown,
Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
Of thy despised prerogative!
I who in manhood's name at length
With glad songs come to abdicate

The gross regality of strength,
Must yet in this thy praise abate,
That through thine erring humbleness
And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
Than fits his fellowship with thee.
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
The coward had grasp'd the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
Just to thyself, been worth's reward:
But lofty honors, undersold,
Seller and buyer both disgrace;
And favor that makes folly bold
Puts out the light in virtue's face.

* * * * * *

Then to my room
I went, and closed and lock'd the door,
And cast myself down on my bed,
And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vow'd to love and pray'd to wed
The Maiden who had grown so dear;
Thank'd God who had set her in my path;
And promised, as I hoped to win,
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin;
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd really be; I'd never blend

With my delight in her a dream
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend;
And, if she wished it, I'd prefer
Another's to my own success;
And always seek the best for her
With unofficious tenderness.

Rising, I breathed a brighter clime,
And found myself all self above,
And, with a charity sublime,
Contemned not those who did not love;
And I could not but feel that then
I shone with something of her grace,
And went forth to my fellow men
My commendation in my face.

* * * * * *

She was all mildness; yet 'twas writ
Upon her beauty legibly,
"He that's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me."
And such a challenge, quite apart
From thoughts of love, humbled, and thus
To sweet repentance moved my heart,
And made me more magnanimous,
And led me to review my life,
Inquiring where in aught the least,
If question were of her for wife,

Ill might be mended, hope increased:
Not that I soared so far above
Myself, as this great hope to dare:
And yet I half foresaw that love
Might hope where reason would despair.

Coventry Patmore.

LOVE IN A LIFE.

ROOM after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her,
Next time, herself! — not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew,—
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

Yet the day wears,
And door succeeds door;
I try the fresh fortune,—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.
Spend my whole day in the quest,— who cares?
But 'tis twilight, you see,— with such suites to explore
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

Robert Browning.

LIFE IN A LOVE.

ESCAPE me?
Never —
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear —
It seems too much like a fate, indeed!
Though I do my best, I shall scarce succeed —
But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And, baffled, get up to begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life,— that's all.
While, look but once from your furthest bound,
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to ground
Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
I shape me —
Ever
Removed!

Robert Browning.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face of thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Robert Burns.

SONNET.

(*After the Italian.*)

I KNOW not if I love her overmuch;
But this I know, that when unto her face
She lifts her hand, which rests there, still, a space,
Then slowly falls,—'tis I who feel that touch.
And when she sudden shakes her head, with such
A look, I soon her secret meaning trace.
So when she runs, I think 'tis I who race.
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
I am, if she is gone; and when she goes,
I know not why, for that is a strange art—
As if myself should from myself depart.
I know not if I love her more than those
Her lovers, but for the red hidden rose
She covers in her hair, I'd give my heart.

Richard Watson Gilder.

SONG.

(*From "Jane Eyre."*)

THE truest love that ever heart
Felt at its kindled core
Did through each vein, in quickened start,
The tide of being pour.

Her coming was my hope each day,
  Her parting was my pain;
The chance that did her steps delay
  Was ice in every vein.

I dreamed it would be nameless bliss,
  As I loved, loved to be;
And to this object did I press
  As blind as eagerly.

But wide as pathless was the space
  That lay our lives between,
And dangerous as the foamy race
  Of ocean surges green.

And haunted as a robber path
  Through wilderness or wood,
For Might and Right, and Woe and Wrath,
  Between our spirits stood.

I dangers dared; I hindrance scorned;
  I omens did defy;
Whatever menaced, harassed, warned,
  I passed impetuous by.

On sped my rainbow, fast as light;
  I flew as in a dream;
For glorious rose upon my sight
  That child of Shower and Gleam.

Still bright on clouds of suffering dim
Shines that soft, solemn joy;
Nor care I now how dense and grim
Disasters gather nigh.

I care not in this moment sweet,
Though all I have rushed o'er
Should come, on pinion strong and fleet,
Proclaiming vengeance sore:

Though haughty Hate should strike me down,
Right bar approach to me,
And grinding Might, with furious frown,
Swear endless enmity.

My love has placed her little hand
With noble faith in mine,
And vowed that wedlock's sacred band
Our natures shall entwine.

My love has sworn, with sealing kiss,
With me to live, to die;
I have at last my nameless bliss:
As I love, loved am I!

Charlotte Brontë.

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
  By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
  The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
  And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
  The love that shall fade no more
    Till the sun grows cold,
    And the stars are old,
    And the leaves of the Judgment
      Book unfold!

Bayard Taylor.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
  In the first sweet sleep of night,
  When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
  And a spirit in my feet
    Hath led me — who knows how? —
  To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
  On the dark, the silent stream;
    And the champak odors pine

Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ.

MY day and night are in my lady's hand;
I have no other sunrise than her sight:
For me her favor glorifies the land;
Her anger darkens all the cheerful light;
Her face is fairer than the hawthorn white,
When all a-flower in May the hedge-rows stand:
Whilst she is kind I know of none affright;
My day and night are in my lady's hand.

All heaven in her glorious eyes is spanned:
  Her smile is softer than the Summer night,
Gladder than day-break on the Faery strand:
  I have no other sunrise than her sight.
Her silver speech is like the singing flight
  Of runnels rippling o'er the jewelled sand,
Her kiss a dream of delicate delight;
  For me her favor glorifies the land.

What if the Winter slay the Summer bland!
  The gold sun in her hair burns ever bright;
If she be sad, straightway all joy is banned;
  Her anger darkens all the cheerful light.
Come weal or woe, I am my lady's knight,
  And in her service every ill withstand;
Love is my lord, in all the world's despite,
  And holdeth in the hollow of his hand
    My day and night.

John Payne.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
  It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
  That make the miser's treasure poor;

How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,—
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns.

MY glass shall not persuade me, I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date:
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, Love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

William Shakespeare.

SONG.

NOT from the whole wide world I chose thee,
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

Richard Watson Gilder.

A DITTY.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney.

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

WHEN Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking, and daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips,
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest, where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.

Austin Dobson.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O LASSIE ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel';
A body's sel's the sairest weicht,—
O lassie come ower the hill!

Gin a body could be a thocht o' grace,
And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my heid, and my han's and my face,
An' my thochts and mysel' and a',
I'm sick o' the warl' and a';
The licht gangs by wi' a hiss,
For thro' my een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary heart they miss.

O lassie ayont the hill,
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;
Bidena ayont the hill!

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,
And the sunlicht o' yer hair,

The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun deid;
I wad be mysel' nae mair.
I wad be mysel' nae mair,
Filled o' the sole remeid;
Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by yer body and heid.
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sae sma',
For the sake o' my bonnie dame,
Whan I cam' to life, as she gaed awa',
I could bide my body and name,
I micht bide mysel' the weary same;
Aye setting up its heid
Till I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they were roun' the deid.
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
I wad ring my ain deid knell;
Mysel' wad vanish, shot through and through
By the shine o' your sunny sel'.
By the shine o' your sunny sel',
By the licht aneath yer broo,
I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,
And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,

Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht,
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel,'
A-body's sel's the sairest weicht,—
O lassie, come ower the hill!

George MacDonald.

O, I'M WAT, WAT.

O, I'M wat, wat,
O I'm wat and weary;
Yet fain would I rise and rin,
If I thocht I would meet my dearie.
Aye waukin', O!
Waukin' aye, and weary;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Simmer 's a pleasant time,
Flowers o' every color;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie,
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely nicht comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my true love,
And blear my e'en wi' greetin'.

Feather beds are saft,
Paintit rooms are bonnie;
But ae kiss o' my dear love
Better's far than ony.

O for Friday nicht!
Friday at the gloamin';
O for Friday nicht—
Friday's lang o' comin'!

Anonymous.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CHORUS.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang!

Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie!
Ca' the, etc.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die — but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Robert Burns

DORIS: A PASTORAL.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers.
I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer-roses of sweet perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened,
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger,
She said, "We linger, we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling;
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well-rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;
But if they love me, it's none so fervent;
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Ah! do but prove me; and none shall bind you,
Nor fray nor find you, until I die!"

She blushed and started: I stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them; I told her plainly
She doubted vainly,— she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;
And homeward drave them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true,
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling,
With love excelling, and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

Arthur Munby.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened,— such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE! O.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and wearie, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie! O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie! O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie! O.

Robert Burns.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow —
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade;
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone —
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind ;
A hand was on my shoulder —
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer,— nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

THE EVENING TIME.

TOGETHER we walked in the evening time,
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear.
Oh ! it was sweet in the evening time !

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple sha

The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way,
But he was near and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessèd days to be;
Close to his arm and closer I prest,
The cornfield path was Eden to me.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his enfolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time.

He looked in the depths of my eyes, and said,
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of life
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

A. C. C.

THE DAY-DREAM.

THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss!"
"Oh! wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love! 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark,

And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there!"
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him.

Alfred Tennyson.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

William Shakespeare.

THE INVITATION.

BEST and Brightest, come away,
Fairer far than this fair day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, Dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs,—
To the silent wilderness,
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find

An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,—
Round stems that never kiss the sun,—
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea,
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

VILLANELLE.

THE air is white with snow-flakes clinging;
Between the gusts that come and go
Methinks I hear the wood-lark singing.

Methinks I see the primrose springing
On many a bank and hedge, although
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

Surely the hands of Spring are flinging
Wood-scents to all the winds that blow:
Methinks I hear the wood-lark singing.

Methinks I see the swallow winging
Across the woodlands sad with snow;
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

Was that the cuckoo's wood-chime swinging?
Was that the linnet fluting low?
Methinks I hear the wood-lark singing.

Or can it be the breeze is bringing
The breath of violets? Ah, no!
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

It is my lady's voice that's stringing
Its beads of gold to song; and so
Methinks I hear the wood-lark singing.

The violets I see upspringing
Are in my lady's eyes, I trow:
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging.

Dear, whilst thy tender notes are ringing,
Even whilst amidst the winter's woe
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging,
Methinks I hear the wood-lark singing.

John Payne.

A VALEDICTION.

GOD be with thee, my beloved,— God be with thee!
Else alone thou goest forth,
Thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance all around thee and beneath thee,
Looking equal in one snow:
While I, who try to reach thee,
Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the hollo,
And cannot reach thee so.
Alas, I can but teach thee!
God be with thee, my beloved,— God be with thee!

Can I teach thee, my beloved,— can I teach thee?
If I said, "Go left or right,"
The counsel would be light,

The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee:
My right would show like left;
My raising would depress thee,
My choice of light would blind thee,
Of way, would leave behind thee,
Of end, would leave bereft,
Alas, I can but bless thee!
May God teach thee, my beloved,—may God teach thee!

Can I bless thee, my beloved,—can I bless thee?
What blessing word can I,
From mine own tears, keep dry?
What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?
My good reverts to ill;
My calmnesses would move thee,
My softnesses would prick thee,
My bindings up would break thee,
My crownings, curse and kill,
Alas, I can but love thee!
May God bless thee, my beloved,—may God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my beloved,—can I love thee?
And is *this* like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,

When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?
My love-kiss can deny
No tear that falls beneath it;
Mine oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee,—
And thou diest while I breathe it,
And *I*,— I can but die!
May God love thee, my beloved,— may God love thee!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?"

WHEN shall we meet again
Dearest and best?
Thou going Eastward, and
I going West.
Thou in whose love my heart
Seeks for its rest;
When shall we meet again,
Dearest and best?

Not in love's common way
Was my love spoken —
No sweet confession made
Sealed by sweet token:
Calmly I uttered it
Though half heart-broken;
Not in love's common way
Was my love spoken.

What will its issue be?
  Cloud-shadows fall —
All is uncertainty —
  Yet over all
One guideth steadily
  Great things and small:
What will the issue be?
  God guideth all.

James Freeman Clarke.

VÖGLEIN WOHIN SO SCHNELL?

SPRING THOUGHTS IN ITALY.

LITTLE bird, where do you fly so fast?
"Oh, winter is ended, at last, at last!
And I fly in haste to my northern home,
For winter has ended, and spring has come."

Dear little bird, with the feathers gay,
A moment listen, a moment stay!
I have a love in that northern land,—
I stand alone on a foreign strand;
I cannot fly with thee to woo her,
But thou shalt take my greeting to her.
So, when thou art come to that distant shore,
Oh, hasten to my darling's door!

Sing sweet and low, sing loud and clear,
And thou shalt catch her listening ear;
Tell her, her eyes' remembered light
Is all that makes my heaven bright;
Tell her, her sweet lips' parting word
Still day and night by me is heard;
That every hour of every day
I think of her so far away;
That time nor space, nor life nor death,
My heart from her can sever,—
For I love my love with every breath,
I love my love forever!

And the little flowers in the valley sweet,—
The happy flowers that kiss her feet!—
Greet them a thousand times for me,
And tell them that across the sea
All strange, bright blossoms come with May,
But none are fair to me as they!

Emanuel Geibel.

Translated by L. C.

BONNIE LESLEY.

OH, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that would belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Robert Burns.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense —
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
  Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
  Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive
  To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
  Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
  Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
  While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
  All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains:
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
  Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
  A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
  More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

WHEN thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.

Lady John Scott

SONG IN ABSENCE.

THE mighty ocean rolls and raves,
To part us with its angry waves;
But, arch on arch, from shore to shore,
In a vast fabric reaching o'er,

With careful labours daily wrought,
By steady hope and tender thought,
The wide and weltering waste above,
Our hearts have bridged it with their love.

There fond anticipations fly
To rear the growing structure high,
Dear memories upon either side
Combine to make it large and wide.

There happy fancies, day by day,
New courses sedulously lay;
There soft solicitudes, sweet fears,
And doubts accumulate, and tears;

While the pure purpose of the soul,
To form of many parts a whole,
To make them strong and hold them true,
From end to end, is carried through.

Then when the waters war between,
Upon the masonry unseen,
Secure and swift, from shore to shore,
With silent footfall travelling o'er,

Our sundered spirits come and go,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Pass and repass, now linger near,
Now part, anew to reappear.

With motions of a glad surprise,
We meet each other's wondering eyes,
At work, at play, when people talk,
And when we sleep, and when we walk.

Each dawning day my eyelids see,
You come methinks, across to me,
And I at every hour anew
Could dream I travelled o'er to you.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

GRÜSS' AUS DER FERNE.

GREETING FROM FAR AWAY.

SO many stars as shine in the sky,
So many little winds murmuring by,
So many blessings attend thee;
So many leaves as dance on the trees,
So many flowers as wave in the breeze,
Brighter than those, love, and sweeter than these,
The loving thoughts that I send thee.

Were I the golden sun to shine,
Every ray a glad thought of mine,
Loving and true and tender,—
I would crown with my beams thy dearest head,
From morning golden to evening red;
Deep in my heart lies the thought unsaid,
The love that no speech can render.

Might I but guard thee forevermore!
A sheltering roof, a fast-shut door,
In my deep heart to hold thee;
In a still, safe room thou dost dwell apart,
Thy spirit pure in my loving heart,
So fair, so dear, so true thou art,—
So doth my love enfold thee.

When I faint with thirst on a dusty way,
A pure spring flows for me every day,—
  I drink thy love forever;
I wander alone at dead of night,
But ever before me I see a light,
In darkest hours more clear, more bright;
  And the hope that I bear fails never.

Though I have journeyed across the sea,
Still before me thy face I see,
  Thy form still goes before me;
And I whisper thy name to the woods and caves,
And I sing it aloud to the rushing waves;
And I have all that my spirit craves,
  When the thought of thee comes o'er me.

When thou dost not know what the little brooks say,
Think they go sadly upon their way,
  Because we two are parted;
When the dim forest droops its leaves,
Think that the soul within it grieves,
Because its shadow no more receives
  Two lovers faithful-hearted.

When the sweet flowers droop and die,
Think that my hopes all withered lie;
  Think how my heart is broken!

When, in April, with sun and rain,
Violets blossom on hill and plain,
Think thou couldst call me to life again,
By the sweet word still unspoken.

When I send thee a red, red rose,—
The sweetest flower on earth that grows!
Think, dear heart, how I love thee;
Listen to what the sweet rose saith,
With her crimson leaf and her fragrant breath,—
Love, I am thine, in life and death!
O my love, dost thou love me?

Friedrich Rückert.

Translated by L. C.

C'ÉTAIT EN AVRIL, LE DIMANCHE.

A REMINISCENCE.

'TWAS April; 'twas Sunday; the day was fair,—
Yes! sunny and fair.
And how happy was I!
You wore the white dress you loved to wear;
And two little flowers were hid in your hair —
Yes! in your hair,—
On that day,—gone by!

We sat on the moss: it was shady and dry,—
Yes! shady and dry;
And we sat in the shadow.
We looked at the leaves, we looked at the sky,
We looked at the brook which bubbled near by,—
Yes! bubbled near by,
Through the quiet meadow.

A bird sang on the swinging vine,—
Yes! on the vine,—
And then — sang not;
I took your little white hand in mine;
'Twas April; 'twas Sunday; 'twas warm sunshine,—
Yes! warm sunshine:
Have you forgot?

Edouard Pailleron.

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

SUMMER DAYS.

IN summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came ;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns ;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs ;
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook ;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon ;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song ;
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not —
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone.
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood:
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old.
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

Anonymous.

UEBER DIE BERGE.

LOVE'S MATINS.

OVER the mountain rises the dawning!
Lambs bleat on the distant plain;
My Darling, my Lamb, my Heaven, my Morning,—
How I long to see thee again!

Upward I look, and faintly I mutter,
Farewell, dear child! I'm going from thee!
—No motion or flutter in curtain or shutter!
She is fast asleep,—is she dreaming of me?

Heinrich Heine.

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

A RED, RED ROSE.

OH, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June!
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

A CYCLE.

SPRING-TIME,—is it spring-time?
Why, as I remember spring,
Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clover floor,
Such a multitudinous rapture raining from the sycamore;
And among the orchard trees—
Acres musical with bees—
Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent than before.

Yes—that is the blackbird's note;
Almond petals are afloat;
But I had not heard nor seen them, for my heart was far away.

Birds and bees and fragrant orchards,—ah! they
cannot bring the May;
For the human presence only,
That has left my way so lonely,
Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn
of to-day.

Autumn — is it autumn?
I remember autumn yields
Dusty roads and stubble-fields,
Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept
slopes with grain,
Trees all gray with dust, that gathers ever thicker
till the rain;
And where noisy waters drove
Downward from the heights above,
Only bare, white channels wander stonily across
the plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
Stubble-fields about me lie.
What care I, when in the channels of my life once
more I see
Sweetest founts, long sealed and sunken, bursting
upward, glad and free?
Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
Sky be sadness or sereneness,
Thou, my life, my best-belovèd, all my spring-time
comes with thee.

Anonymous.

A BIRD-SONG.

IT'S a year almost that I have not seen her;
Oh! last summer, green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

It's well-nigh summer, for there's a swallow;
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird-race quicken and wheel and thicken.

O happy swallow, whose mate will follow
O'er height, o'er hollow! I'd be a swallow
To build, this weather, our nest together.

Christina G. Rossetti.

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I but be eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

Anonymous.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

. . . . . .

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

IF doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart;

And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart!
    Then tell me how to woo thee, Love!
      Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
  I'll dight me in array:
I'll 'tend thy chamber-door all night,
  And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
  These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
  That voice that nane can match.

But, if fond love thy heart can gain,
  I never broke a vow:
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
  I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
  For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,—
  Oh, tell me how to woo!
    Then tell me how to woo thee, Love:
      Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Though ne'er another trow me.

Robert Graham, of Gartmore.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
  Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
  I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
  Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
  Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
  Or go on such a score —
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
  Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
  And glorious by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more.

James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.

TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or, that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven — their earthly bodies left behind.

Richard Lovelace.

TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase,—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Richard Lovelace.

MILLAIS'S "HUGUENOTS."

(*To H., playing one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Wörte."*)

YOUR favorite picture rises up before me,
Whene'er you play that tune,
I see two figures standing in a garden
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned upward
Wild with a great alarm;
Trembling with haste she binds her 'broidered 'kerchief,
About the other's arm,

Whose face is bent on her with tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers,
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love," she murmurs, "you shall wear my 'kerchief,
It is the badge I know;
And it shall bear you safely thro' the conflict,
If — if — indeed you go.

"You will not wear it? will not wear my 'kerchief?
Nay! do not tell me why!
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

"Hush! do not answer! It is death, I tell you!
Indeed I speak the truth;
You standing there so warm with life and vigor,
So bright with health and youth,

"You would go hence out of the glowing sunshine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present,
Into the unknown gloom!"

Then he makes answer, "Hush, Oh! hush, my darling!
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be!

"If such a thing might be! But *not* thro' falsehood;
I could not come to you,
I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet presence,
Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts him,
"This is no open strife;
Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare,
In which to spend your life?

"Oh! for my sake,—though but for my sake wear it,
Think what my life would be
If you who gave it first true worth and meaning,
Were taken now from me!

"Think of the long, long days so slowly passing!
Think of the endless years!
I am so young! Must I live out my lifetime
With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again in mournful tones and tender,
But with unswerving faith;
"Should not love make us braver, aye, and stronger
Either for life or death?

"And life is hardest. Oh! my love! my treasure!
If I could bear your part
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it
With an unshrinking heart.

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that bright summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of woe and anguish
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

"But you'll forgive me? yes, you will forgive me,
I know, when I am dead.
I would have loved you — but words have scant meaning —
God love you now instead!"

And there is silence in the sunny garden,
Until with faltering tone,
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to him,
"Forgive me — go — my own!"

So human love and faith by death unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm;
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is hushed in deepest calm.

London Spectator.

A CHAIN.

THE bond that links our souls together,
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it moulder and decay
As the long hours pass away?
Will it stretch if Fate divide us,
When dark and weary hours have tried us?
Oh, if it look too poor and slight,
Let us break the links to-night!

It was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands;
Save thine and mine, no other eyes
The slender link can recognize:
In the bright light it seems to fade,
And it is hidden in the shade;
While Heaven nor Earth have never heard
Or solemn vow or plighted word.

Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break:
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And, if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes, save thine and mine.

And see! though slender, it is made
Of Love and Trust, and can they fade?
While, if too slight it seem, to bear
The breathings of the summer air,
We know that it could bear the weight
Of a most heavy heart of late,
And as each day and hour flew
The stronger for its burthen grew.

And, too, we know and feel again
It has been sanctified by pain;
For what God deigns to try with sorrow
He means not to decay to-morrow;
But through that fiery trial last,
When earthly ties and bonds are past;
What slighter things dare not endure
Will make our Love more safe and pure.

Love shall be purified by Pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again:
So let us now take heart and go
Cheerfully on through joy and woe:
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or the inconstant skies of spring,
Or the bleak winter's stormy weather,
For we shall meet them, Love, together!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer,
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal,
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

Bernard Barton.

FOR THE FUTURE.

I WONDER did you ever count
The value of one human fate;
Or sum the infinite amount
Of one heart's treasures, and the weight
Of Life's one venture, and the whole concentrate purpose of a soul.

And if you ever paused to think
That all this in your hands I laid
Without a fear: — did you not shrink
From such a burden? half afraid,
Half-wishing that you could divide the risk, or cast it all aside.

While Love has daily perils, such
As none foresee and none control;
And hearts are strung so that one touch,
Careless or rough, may jar the whole,
You well might feel afraid to reign with absolute power of joy and pain.

You well might fear — if Love's sole claim
Were to be happy; but true Love
Takes joy as solace, not as aim,
And looks beyond and looks above;
And sometimes through the bitterest strife first learns to live her highest life.

Earth forges joy into a chain
Till fettered Love forgets its strength,
Its purpose, and its end; — but Pain
Restores its heritage at length,
And bids Love rise again and be eternal, mighty pure, and free.

If then your future life should need
A strength my Love can only gain
Through suffering, or my heart be freed
Only by sorrow from some stain,
Then you shall give, and I will take, this Crown of fire for Love's dear sake.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

COMFORT.

IF there should come a time, as well there may,
When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,
And thou dost come to me for help, and stay,
And comfort — how shall I perform my part?
How shall I make my heart a resting-place,
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?
How shall I win the strength to keep my voice
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,
Nor mar the counsel by my mine own heart-throbs?
Love, my love teaches me a certain way,
So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay.
I must live higher, nearer to the reach
Of angels in their blessed trustfulness,
Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach
Content to thee whom I would greatly bless.

Ah me! what woe were mine if thou shouldst come,
Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,
And I should meet thee powerless and dumb,
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid!
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,
God helping me, to higher life, and gain
Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,
And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.
Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be
The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

All the Year Round.

"I WILL BE BRAVE FOR THEE."

I WILL be brave for thee, dear heart; for thee
My boasted bravery forego. I will
For thee be wise, or lose my little skill,—
Coward or brave; wise, foolish; bond or free.
No grievous cost in anything I see
That brings thee bliss, or only keeps thee, still,
In painless peace. So heaven but thy cup fill,
Be empty mine unto eternity!
Come to me, Love, and let me touch thy face!
Lean to me, Love, and breathe on me thy breath!

Fly from me, Love, to some far hiding-place,
If thy one thought of me or hindereth
Or hurteth thy sweet soul — then grant me grace
To be forgotten, though that grace be death!

Richard Watson Gilder.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

LOVE IN TEARS.

IF fate Love's dear ambition mar,
And load his breast with hopeless pain,
And seem to blot out sun and star,
Love, lost or won, is countless gain:
His sorrow boasts a secret bliss
Which sorrow of itself beguiles,
And Love in tears too noble is
For pity, save of Love in smiles.
But looking backward through his tears,
With vision of maturer scope,
How often one dead joy appears
The platform of some better hope!
And, let us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure.

SENTENCES.

He safely walks in darkest ways,
  Whose youth is lighted from above,
Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
  Dawns the veil'd moon of nuptial love.

Who is the Happy Husband? He
  Who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
  'Twas faithful to his future Wife.

Coventry Patmore.

SONNETS.

"Era già l'ora che volge il desio."—DANTE.
"Ricorro al tempo ch'io vi vidi prima."—PETRARCA.

I WISH I could remember that first day,
  First hour, first moment of your meeting me,
If bright or dim the season, it might be
Summer or Winter for aught I can say;
So unrecorded did it slip away,
  So blind was I to see and to foresee,
  So dull to mark the budding of my tree
That would not blossom yet for many a May.

If only I could recollect it, such
A day of days! I let it come and go
As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;
If only now I could recall that touch
First touch of hand in hand — did one but know!

"E drizzeremo gli occhi al Primo Amore."— DANTE.
"Ma trovo peso non da le mie braccia."—PETRARCA.

If I could trust mine own self with your fate,
Shall I not rather trust it in God's hand?
Without Whose Will one lily doth not stand,
Nor sparrow fall at his appointed date;
Who numbereth the innumerable sand,
Who weighs the wind and water with a weight,
To Whom the world is neither small nor great,
Whose knowledge foreknew every plan we planned,
Searching my heart for all that touches you,
I find there only love and love's goodwill
Helpless to help and impotent to do,
Of understanding dull, of sight most dim;
And therefore I commend you back to Him
Whose love your love's capacity can fill.

"Amor, che ne la mente mi ragiona."— DANTE.
"Amor vien nel bel viso di costei."— PETRARCA.

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

Christina G. Rossetti.

BECAUSE.

IT is not because your heart is mine — mine only —
Mine alone;
It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,
For your own;
Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies
Spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes —
That I love you!

It is not because the world's perplexèd meaning
Grows more clear;
And the Parapets of Heaven, with angels leaning,
Seem more near;
And Nature sings of praise with all her voices
Since yours spoke,
Since within my silent heart, that now rejoices,
Love awoke!

Nay, not even because your hand holds heart and life;
At your will
Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife
Calm and still;
Teaching Trust to fold her wings, nor ever roam
From her nest;
Teaching Love that her securest, safest home
Must be Rest.

But because this human Love, though true and sweet —
Yours and mine —
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,
More divine;
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven,
Far above you;
Do I take you as a gift that God has given —
And I love you!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

GO from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile .... her look .... her way
Of speaking gently, ... for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for

Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

Beloved, my Beloved, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sate alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice, ... but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains, as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand .... why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech,— nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Would'st thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine —

But .... *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! look on me .... breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

Thou comest! all is said without a word.
I sit beneath thy looks, as children do
In the noon-sun, with souls that tremble through
Their happy eyelids from an unaverred
Yet prodigal inward joy. Behold, I erred
In that last doubt! and yet I cannot rue
The sin most, but the occasion .... that we two
Should for a moment stand unministered
By a mutual presence. Ah, keep near and close,
Thou dovelike help! and, when my fears would rise,
With thy broad heart serenely interpose.
Brood down with thy divine sufficiencies
These thoughts which tremble when bereft of those,
Like callow birds left desert to the skies.

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,

When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors .... another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief, tries more .... as all things prove;
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas I have grieved so I am hard to love.
Yet love me — wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within, the wet wings of thy dove.

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace
To look through and behind this mask of me,
(Against which years have beat thus blanchingly
With their rains,) and behold my soul's true face,
The dim and weary witness of life's race! —
Because thou hast the faith and love to see,
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,
The patient angel waiting for a place
In the new Heavens! — because nor sin nor woe,
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,
Nor all which others viewing, turn to go, ...
Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed, ...
Nothing repels thee, ... Dearest, teach me so
To pour out gratitude as thou dost, good.

How I do love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

WER WENIG SUCHT, DER FINDET VIEL.

ONLY a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower,—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour,—
And the whole heart was mine!

Friedrich Rückert.

Translated by L. C.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
By day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

MIGNONETTE.

WITHIN the sense of touch and sight,
They lie before me as I write,
These subtle-scented flowers;
Their little tufts of golden green,
With flecks of ruddy brown between,
All wet with summer showers.

I saw them but an hour ago,
With sister bunches all a-row,
And rosebuds white and red;
And dark carnations, spicy sweet,
Borne westward through the busy street,
Upon a flower-girl's head.

The sudden summer shower drew forth
From my one simple pennyworth
The half-evanished bloom;
The fading tufts grew green again,
And breathed, in answer to the rain,
A beautiful perfume.

How well their silent beauties grace
The dulness of this dingy place,
My lonely working-room!
I drop my pen this summer day,
And fancy bears me far away
Where other posies bloom;

To garden borders thickly set
With pansy, lily, mignonette,
And all sweet flowers that blow;
Where we two in the sunshine sit,
While butterflies around us flit,
And brown bees come and go.

The lark sings high, in heaven above,
Its thrilling strain of happy love,
While we sit still below;
Each heart can feel the other beat,
But neither breaks the silence sweet
With whispered "Yes," or "No."

Ah me! since then what months of pain;
Ah me! what months of sun and rain
Must run, ere I can see
Another of those sunshine hours,
And hear among the summer flowers
How one remembers me.

But love is mine, how strong and true,
And hope springs green, dear flowers, as you.
I murmur not at fate;
While for the greatest good of all,
For years, though shine or shadow fall,
I am content to wait.

All the Year Round.

MINNELIED.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

SHINE brighter than the sun in heaven, O eyes, beloved so long!
All blessed gifts that can be given, to thee, dear child, belong;
Thine eyes hold all my sunshine, my heaven is all in thee;
I ask no other happiness, when thy dear face I see.

O, fair and sweet are summer flowers, but sweeter still art thou;
I hold them dear, the bright June hours, but I am gladder now;
Through storm and snow and rain I come where thou, my darling, art;
I am not cold nor weary when I hold thee to my heart!

Anonymous.

Translated by L. C.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea:
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Of earth and air, of earth and air,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The only jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Robert Burns.

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

William Shakespeare.

I CANNOT HELP LOVING THEE.

IF the apple grows on the apple-tree,
And the wild wind blows o'er the wild wood free,
And the deep stream flows to the deeper sea;
And they cannot help growing, and blowing, and flowing,
I cannot help loving thee.

But if wild winds blew no more on the lea,
And no blossoms grew on the healthy tree,

And the river untrue escaped the sea;
And they all had ceased growing, and blowing, and flowing,
I'd never cease loving thee.

And till that hour in the day or night,
In the field or bower, in the dark or light,
In the fruit or flower, in the bloom or blight,
In my reaping or sowing, my coming or going,
I'll never cease loving thee.

Anonymous.

LOVE took me softly by the hand,
Love led me all the country o'er,
And showed me beauty in the land,
That I had never seen before—
Never before—never before—
O Love, sweet Love!

There was a glory in the morn,
There was a calmness in the night,
A mildness in the south wind borne,
That I have never felt aright,
Never aright—never aright,—
O Love, sweet Love!

But now it cannot pass away—
I feel it whereso'er I go,
And in my heart by night and day
Its gladness moveth to and fro;
By night and day—by night and day—
O Love, sweet Love!

Anonymous.

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven, in honor of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

Joshua Sylvester.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.

Francis W. Bourdillon.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands
And the heart that wad part sic luve!
But there's nae hand can loose my band
But the finger o' Him abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,—
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'd sleep, and soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve!
Come here and kneel wi' me!
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie and hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dike,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

Allan Cunningham

TWIN STARS ALOFT.

TWIN stars, aloft in ether clear,
Around each other roll alway,
Within one common atmosphere
Of their own mutual light and day.

And myriad happy eyes are bent
Upon their changeless love alway;
As strengthened by their one intent,
They pour the flood of life and day.

So we, through this world's waning night,
Shall, hand in hand, pursue our way;
Shed round us order, love, and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.

Charles Kingsley.

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Alfred Tennyson.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

YOU see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord.

William Shakespeare.

MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH.

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow;
From fringes of the faded eve,
O, happy planet, eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, lightly borne,
  Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
  And round again to happy night.

Alfred Tennyson.

WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let nought to love displeasing,
  My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
  Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
  With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
  And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
  Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke.
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
  How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
  No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
  And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While 'round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy, Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Gilbert Cooper.

EPITHALAMION.

* * * * * * * *

WAKE now, my Love, awake! for it is time:
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of love's praise!
The merry lark his matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft:
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dream;
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beam
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight!
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot;
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair!
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride;
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye used to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

* * * * * * * *

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long, loose, yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.

Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praise sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her prayse sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
* * * * * * * *
But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished, like to those which read
Medusæ's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;

Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love!
Open them wide, that she may enter in!
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you!
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view.

Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,—
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold! whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush into her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the angels, that continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring!

* * * * * * * *

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my Love should duly have been decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument!

Edmund Spenser.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

FROST IN HARVEST.

THE lover who, across a gulf
  Of ceremony, views his Love,
And dares not yet address herself,
  Pays worship to her stolen glove.
The gulf o'erleapt, the lover wed,
  It happens oft, (let truth be told,)
The halo leaves the sacred head,
  Respect grows lax, and worship cold,
And all love's May-day promising,
  Like song of birds before they pair,
Or flush of flowers in boastful Spring,
  Dies out, and leaves the Summer bare.
Yet should a man, it seems to me,
  Honour what honourable is,
For some more honourable plea
  Than only that it is not his.
The gentle wife, who decks his board,
  And makes his day to have no night,
Whose wishes wait upon her Lord,
  Who finds her own in his delight,
Is she another now than she
  Who, mistress of her maiden charms,

At his wild prayer, incredibly
  Committed them to his proud arms?
Unless her choice of him's a slur
  Which makes her proper credit dim,
He never enough can honour her
  Who past all speech has honoured him.

LOVE CEREMONIOUS.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
  For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
  Is and asks honour without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
  That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
  In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Love should make home a stately Court:
  There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
  And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet, respective sphere
  Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
  None treading on another's train.

This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life.

Coventry Patmore.

LOVE'S FULFILLING.

O LOVE is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss, for the beloved sake,
Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy
Could find hard death so beauteous,
It sees through tears how Christ loved us,
And speaks, in saying "I love thus,"
No blasphemy.

So much we miss
If love is weak, so much we gain
If love is strong, God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

H. H.

LOVE.

LOVE is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no!
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles,
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles:
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so, of soul to soul,
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord
Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is Lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

Chambers' Journal.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep impassioned gaze.

It comes,— the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

EROS.

THE sense of the world is short,—
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it;
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

Robert Burns.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this a time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.

My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
  My stockins pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
  For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
  Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown
  And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
  For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
  Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
  Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
  As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

Anonymous, 1772.

WISTERIA.

HOW tenderly the twilight falls
About our dear home's flowery walls,
Upon the garden bowers,
The breeze sighs over beds of bloom,
My darling, leave the dusky room,
Come out among the flowers.

Come forth, my wife, and stand with me,
Beneath our favorite chestnut-tree —
The glory of our lawn —
Look up, dear heart, in skies afar,
How softly beams the evening star —
The garish sun is gone.

How clearly from the coppice floats
The brown bird's strain — its magic notes
Of joy and sorrow blent.
How sweetly from the southern wall
Delightsome odors round us fall,
The rich wisteria's scent.

See, darling, in this tender gloom
The clusters of its purple bloom
Peep out amid the green:
A comely Summer robe it weaves
Of sturdy twigs and tender leaves,
With splendid blooms between.

How rich and full a life must beat
In its green branches! fair and sweet
It flowered in the Spring;
And yet, ere Summer days are done,
It spreadeth to the Summer sun
A second blossoming.

It seemeth unto us a type
Of love, Spring-born, but Summer-ripe,
  Full-hearted love like ours,
That sweetly smiled on life's young Spring,
Yet hath its fuller blossoming
  In these maturer hours.

Our lives were like the Spring-time boughs
Of this old tree, which wreaths our house
  With purple twice a year,
No leafage green of worldly praise,
Or worldly wealth made glad our days,
  But lowly love was dear!

Ah, darling! on this Summer night
Our hearts brimful with deep delight,
  We bless God as we stand
Beneath his arch of twilight sky
At rest, too glad to smile or sigh,
  The happiest in the land.

Our tree of life is strong and full
Of leafage verdant, beautiful,
  With blossoms in their prime,
For love, like fair wisteria flowers,
Brings, with full hands, to us and ours
  A second blossom-time.

All the Year Round.

FROM "THE HANGING OF THE CRANE."

O FORTUNATE, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

* * * * * * *

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,

And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TWO LOVERS.

TWO lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal step;
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked;

Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily-spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

George Eliot.

FROM "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

LOOK through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine!
Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their part
Of sorrow: for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With further lookings on. The kiss,
With woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort I have found in thee:

But that God bless thee, dear — who wrought
  Two spirits to one equal mind —
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
  With blessings which no words can find.

Alfred Tennyson.

REST.

LOVE, give me one of thy dear hands to hold,
  Take thou my tired head upon thy breast;
Then sing me that sweet song we loved of old,
  The dear, soft song about our little nest.
We knew the song before the nest was ours;
  We sang the song when first the nest we found;
We loved the song in happy after-hours,
  When peace came to us, and content profound.
Then sing that olden song to me to-night,
  While I, reclining on thy faithful breast,
See happy visions in the fair firelight,
  And my whole soul is satisfied with rest.
Better than all our by-gone dreams of bliss,
Are deep content and rest secure as this.

What though we missed love's golden summer-time,
  His autumn fruits were ripe when we had leave
To enter joy's wide vineyard in our prime,
  Good guerdon for our waiting to receive.

Love gave us no frail pledge of summer flowers,
  But side by side we reaped the harvest-field;
Now side by side we pass the winter hours,
  And day by day new blessings are revealed.
The heyday of our youth, its roseate glow,
  Its high desires and cravings manifold,
The raptures and delights of long ago
  Have passed; but we have truer joys to hold.
Sing me the dear old song about the nest,
Our blessed home, our little ark of rest.

All the Year Round.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
  The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
  Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
  And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes;—
  Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
  Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,—
  For thee, and thee alone, I live!

When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart.

Robert Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns

ONE WORD MORE.

TO E. B. B.

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together.
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but One, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving —
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas —

Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre —
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world with it, "Ours — the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering thro' Florence) —
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he — "Certain people of importance"

(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet.
Says the poet — "Then I stopped my painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? — than read a fresh Inferno.

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those "people of importance":
We and Bice bear the loss forever.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?

This: no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for One only,

So to be the man and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

* * * * * * * *

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing —
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

Yet a semblance of resource avails us —
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver,
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once, as I do.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,

Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth,— the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours — the rest be all men's,
Karshook, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence —
Pray you, look on these my men and women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the houseroofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly,— glad to finish.

What, there's nothing in the moon note-worthy?
Nay — for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos)
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman —
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats — him, even!
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal —
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better?

* * * * * * * *

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.
Only this is sure — the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you — yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side — there's the wonder —
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you
There, in turn I stand with them and praise you
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.

But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom!

Robert Browning.

AFTER-SONG.

THROUGH love to light! Oh wonderful the way,
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

Richard Watson Gilder.

Index of First Lines.

PAGE

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh 17
Ah! leave to other maidens 33
All that I know 43
Although I enter not 15
And are ye sure the news is true 156
And on her lover's arm she leant 77
Ask me no more! the moon may draw the sea 32
A voice by the cedar tree 14
Away! let nought to love displeasing 141

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace . . . 126
Before the day-break shines a star 19
Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think 124
Best and Brightest, come away 79
"Blame not thyself too much," I said 44
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing 53
But I was first of all the kings who drew 8

Ca' the yowes to the knowes 68

Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame 25

Each, rapturous, praised his lady's worth 39
Escape me 52

From the Desert I come to thee . . . . . .

God be with thee, my beloved — God be with thee . . . 82
Go from me — Yet I feel that I shall stand 123

He is the half part of a blessed man 47
Her eyes the glow worm lend thee 18
He safely walks in darkest ways 119
He that loves a rosy cheek 3
How do I love thee. Let me count the ways 127
How tenderly the twilight falls 158

I arise from dreams of thee 58
If doughty deeds my lady please 102
If fate Love's dear ambition mar 118
If I could trust mine own self with the fate 120
If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange? 125
If it be true that any beauteous thing 23
If the apple grows on the apple-tree 133
If there be any one can take my place 121
If there should come a time, as well there may 116
If thou must love me, let it be for nought 123
If to be absent were to be 16
I know not if I love her overmuch 54
In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours 40
In Summer when the days were long 95
I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden 70
Is it indeed so? if I lay here dead 124
It feels to me strangely 6
It is not because your heart is mine, mine only 121
It's a year almost that I have not seen her 101
I wandered by the brook-side 74
I will be brave for thee, dear heart, for thee 117
I wish I could remember that first day 119
I wonder did you ever count 114

John Anderson, my jo John 167

Keep your undrest, familiar style 149

Let me not to the marriage of true minds 2
Let other bards of angels sing 40
Little bird, where do you fly so fast 85
Look through mine eyes with thine, dear wife 164
Love, give me one of thy dear hands to hold 165
Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs 151
Love took me softly by the hand 134

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer 37
Maxwelton's braes are bonnie 26
Men call you fair, and you do credit it 37
More than most fair, full of the living fire 36
Move eastward, happy earth, and leave 140
My day and night are in my lady's hand 59
My dear and only Love 104
My glass shall not persuade me I am old 62
My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming . 132
My songs are all of thee, what though I sing 34
My true love has my heart, and I have his 63

Not as all other women are 29
Not from the whole wide world I chose thee 62
Not ours the vows of such as plight 113

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw 128
O fortunate, O happy day 161
O, I'm wat, wat 67
O lassie ayont the hill 65
O Love is weak 15

O Mary, at thy window be 60
O my luve's like a red, red rose 98
Only a shelter for my head I sought 127
Only that, dear, neither wise nor fair 41
O saw ye bonnie Lesley 86
Over the mountain rises the dawning 98
O wert thou in the cauld blast 132

Pure and true and tender 13

Room after room 51

See the chariot at hand here of Love 4
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day 35
She is a winsome wee thing 155
She stood breast high amid the corn 72
She walks in beauty like the night 28
She was all mildness, yet 'twas writ 50
She was a phantom of delight 27
Shine brighter than the sun in heaven, O eyes 131
So many stars as shine in the sky 92
Spring-time — is it spring-time 99

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind 107
That I should love thee seemeth meet and wise 34
That which her slender waist confined 19
The air is white with snow-flakes clinging 81
The bond that links our souls together 111
The day returns, my bosom burns 166
The glorious portrait of that Angel's face 36
The lover, who, across a gulf 148
The might of one fair face sublimes my love 24

The mighty ocean rolls and raves 90
The night has a thousand eyes 136
Then to my room 49
There they are, my fifty men and women 168
The rising moon has hid the stars 153
The sense of the world is short 155
The splendor falls on castle walls 138
The Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove 44
The truest love that ever heart 54
Thou comest! all is said without a word 125
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie 136
Through love to light! O wonderful the way 174
Together we walked in the evening time 75
To heroism and holiness 48
True Love is but a humble, low-born thing 1
'Twas April; 'twas Sunday; the day was fair 94
Twin stars, aloft in ether clear 138
Two lovers by a moss-grown spring 162

Wake now, my Love, awake! for it is time 143
Were I as base as is the lowly plain 135
What shall I do with all the days and hours 87
What you do 38
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes 64
When I think on the happy days 101
When Love with unconfinèd wings 102
When o'er the hill the eastern star 73
When ripened time and chastened will 20
When shall we meet again 84
When Spring comes laughing by vale and hill 63
When stars are in the quiet skies 42
When thou art near me 89

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought 78
Where waitest thou? 12
Whoe'er she be 9
Why ask of others what they cannot say 31
Within the sense of touch and sight 129

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace . . . 5
Your favorite picture rises up before me 107
You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand 139